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that a society dinner is for me and get out of the closet
the dress suit
dating from my marriage, which I have not worn a
dozen times. At Co-
peau's, on the rue Montaigne, where I go to pick him
up, we notice that
my trousers are terribly eaten by moths! Laughter and
anguish; impos-
sible to show myself this way: the white of my drawers
appears in odd
patterns; we light on the black felt ribbon of my
panama hat and sit
down to sew onto the drawers, opposite the holes,
little squares and
stripes.

I knew from Boylesve that Chaumeix was quite
willing to write an
article on *La Porte étroite* in the *Debats*, hence I was
unable to say three
words to him. Nothing freezes me up so much as
knowing that my cor-
diality could be useful to me.

20 January

Pleasant visit from Boylesve; I am well aware that
the conversation
will not go very far with him, but each time I have
greater enjoyment in
seeing him. Gheon is with me and in a moment will go
with me to the
Countess de Noailles's. We are going to get from her
the review of *La*
*Mère et Tenfant** that she has consented to do for *La*
Nouvelle Revue
Frangaise.

Mme de Noailles is at the hotel (Princess Hotel) on
the rue de Pres-
bourg; the windows of her room look out on the Arc de
Triomphe. She
was expecting us, and this is rather apparent: she is
lying on a chaise-
longue made up of two armchairs and a stool that all go
together, sinu-
ously draped in a sort of Rumanian or Greek robe of
black Tussore silk
with a broad band of whitish gray, of that soft white one
finds in China
paper and certain Japanese felts; the chemise floats
amply around her
bare arms loaded with Venetian bracelets. A scarf
wanders around her,
the color of the yolk of a hard-boiled, or rather a soft-
boiled, egg; the
color of dried apricots. Siren, her feet disappear
mysteriously under a
Tunisian cloth. Her hair is undone, abandoned, and

jet-black; cut in
bangs on her forehead, but falling as if wet onto her
shoulders. She in-
troduces us to the Princess de Caraman-Chimay (?),
who trains on me
a lorgnette that she doesn't put down during the
entire visit

Impossible to set down anything from the
conversation. Mme de
Noailles talks with an amazing volubility; the sentences
rush to her lips,
crush themselves, and become confused in their haste;
she says three or
four at a time. This makes a very tasty compote of ideas,
sensations, im-
ages, a tutti-frutti accompanied by gestures of the
hands and arms, of
the eyes especially, which she turns skyward in a swoon
that is not too
artificial but rather too encouraged.

Speaking of Montfort in passing, she compares him
to a tench with

The Mother and Child, a book by Charles-Louis
Philippe.